

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brother hood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cla. I must perforce, farewell.

Exit Cla.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered *Hastings*.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well, are you wellcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. with patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Egle should be mewed
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad,

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

Glo. now by saint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept on ill diet long,
And ouer much consumed his royall person,
Tis very grievous to be thought vpon,
What is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you,
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till *George* be packt with post horse vp to heauen:
He in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

Exit Hast.

With

of Richard the Third

With lies well steeld with weightie argu
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done God take King *Edward* to
And leaue the world for me to bussell
For then Ie marry *Warwicks* younge
What though I kill her husband and he
The rediest way to make the wench an
Is to become her husband and her fath
The which will I not all so much for lou
As for another secret close intent,
By marring her which I must reach vnt
But yet I run before my horse to marke
Clarence still liues, *Edward* still raignes.
When they are gone then must I count

Enter Lady Anne, with the herse of

Lady. Set downe, set downe, your hono
If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,
Whilft I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of verruous *Lancast*
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the heuse of *Lancaster*,
Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royal
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost
To heare the lamentations of poore *A*
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughterer
Stabd by the selfe same hands that mad
Loe in those windowes that let forth
I poure the helpelesse blame of my poe
Curst be the hand that made the fatall
Curst be the heart, that had the heare
More direfull hap betide that hated wro
That makes vs wretched by the death
Then I can wish to Adders, spiders to
Or any creeping venomde thing that
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to l
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the